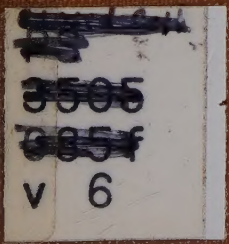
3505
G85f
v 6

UNITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Four minute essays
CLOSED PS [redacted] v.6
0 0051 0020298 2
CLOSE

CLOSED COLLECTION

Four Minute Essays

By

Dr. Frank Crane

Volume VI

UNITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Inc.
New York Chicago

Copyright
Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen
By Dr. Frank Crane

1257

PS
3505
R27
F7
V.6
CLOSED COLLECTION
UNITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Irony and Pity	5
The Stringed Instrument	9
Despair	11
The Reflex Action of Words	15
Columbus	19
What is Efficiency?	23
Intellectual Trains	26
A Story	28
Overtones	31
Dreams and Art	35
I Know	39
The Journalist	42
Bananas	46
Consistency	51
They Sang	53
The Greatest Railway in the World	56
On New Year's Day—Try Again	60
Tennyson's Theology	64
When I am Gone	68
The Call	72
Maxims of Friendship—I	75
Maxims of Friendship—II	80

PAGE

THE GARY SYSTEM 84
THE WHOLE-SOULED 88
THE SEED 91
THE HABIT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE 95
LOYAL 100
HOW TO BE INTERESTING 104
THE TOWN FOREST 109
LAUGHTER 111
A WOMAN'S PRAYER FOR THE MAN OVER THERE 113
BOB WHITE 116
THE ONE YOU CAN TALK TO 120
THE COMEBACK 125
ENUPEAK 129
THE OVERLOOKER 133
POWER AND HUMILITY 137
THE IDEAL AND THE JOB 139
AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A NEW WRITER 144
MIND-HEALING 149
THE ETERNAL HUMANITIES 153
PEACE WITHIN 157

IRONY AND PITY

OF the great soul there are two characteristics, irony and pity.

By irony I mean nothing hard or cruel, but only that gentle laughter which arises from the realization that most things make no matter. Most tempests are in a teapot, much of the world's ado is about nothing, most frantic medicines are for diseases that would best cure themselves if let alone.

So experience works a kindly indifference ir those who are wise enough to learn. And the really beautiful time of life is old age, when the storms of passion have been outsailed, the thunders of protest have died down, and in the calm of twilight the subtle wisdom of adjustment lends the landscape

a crystal beauty. The high lights are gone, and in their absence we perceive actual values. The crash of endeavor, the discord of struggle, have ceased and the universe hums with pure harmony.

Then we smile, but without bitterness. We are amused, but without contempt. Our laugh at the vanity of men's vanities rings with no derision, no mockery, no egoistic superiority, but bespeaks only our happy vision of the heart of things. We laugh. Once we would have wept.

With irony, a sense of removal, comes pity, a sense of nearness. We are far from men. We are nearer than ever before.

We pity, because no longer we condemn. We have come down from the judge's bench and are a friend at court, because we have found out that human hearts do not need judgment, but help.

Once we criticized; now we see it is not worth while; the essential is sympathy. We dealt damnation right and left, we divided sheep from goats with a thorny stick, we had heroes and villains.

Time has budded our staff, has blunted our sword. We are coming nearer to the gods, and perceive that after all they do not judge men; they smile at them and pity them.

Children and grandchildren have sprung up around us and taught us something. What they have taught us is that we are all children, to be borne with and waited for, and not to be forced continually to sharp decisions beyond their powers.

With age we learn that we are under more obligations to our children that they to us; and we suspect the gods feel also that their responsibility is greater than ours, that the

judgment-day would be as terrible for the judge as for the prisoners.

Pity weeps and makes life sacred. Irony smiles and makes life amiable. And irony is gentle and kind. "It teaches us to smile at wicked men and fools whom, without it, we might have the weakness to hate."

THE STRINGED INSTRUMENT

THERE is something about a stringed instrument that makes it more human than all others.

The violin has a soul. The voice of the violoncello is a spirit's cry.

A tone's a tone, of course, just as a man's a man; yet as some men have kingly and prophetic spirits, and some are but little better than animals, so some tones come all surrounded with suggestions, enclosing strange implications, attended by spiritual connotations, drenched with mystery, dripping with the waters of the infinite.

I wonder if it is that catgut. Does this fragment of a dead animal become the me-

dium speaking to us the unknowable secrets of that darkness into which animal-souls go when the body dies?

When I hear a skillful cellist draw his bow across the string, the sound that penetrates me is not like that of a drum or a harp-string, but it is a veritable voice, the voice of one calling across the lake of tears in my heart.

UNITY SCHOOL
LIBRARY

DESPAIR

"KINDLY give me your advice what I should do," writes a correspondent. "When I came to America I was about ten years old, my parents dead. I was not able to go to school, and now that I am older I find out that life is not worth anything to me without education. After all these wasted years I am trying to study, but it seems to me I haven't any brain to study. I am so very tired of the struggle that I have decided to end my life, and I am sure you will agree with me. You know very well a person without education is not worth anything. It is not my fault, for I was compelled to go to work and struggle till this very day. I was born on Friday the 13th."

1257

I give this letter exactly as it is written, with a few verbal corrections. It presents a very real problem.

It is the problem of despair, and is peculiarly difficult and distressing.

Despair is a collapse of the ego, a paralysis of the will, a failure of the vital force. It is as hard to tell a victim of despair what to do as it is for a physician to prescribe for a patient whose heart has given out.

Suicide presupposes insanity, for the last instinct of the mind is the desire to live.

All we can do is to recognize the approaches to despair, take them in time, and endeavor to correct them. These approaches are as follows:

1. Fear. Any kind of fear strikes at the center of life, tends to dissolve the moral force and to derange the reason. All forms of fear, including worry, apprehension, su-

perstition (such as indicated in the above letter by the reference to Friday the 13th), should be vigorously combated. Courage is the universal cure of souls.

2. Self-contempt. Resist all thoughts that make you despise yourself. Assert yourself; assert your right to live, to succeed, to be happy. Self-pity is the peculiar poison of the devil. Never give way to it. Don't think failure. Fight the good fight to the last ditch.

3. Gloomy and morbid fancies. When these come to you shake them off, get out and get busy. Don't read pessimistic books. Don't listen to doleful people. Resist the shadows. Keep in the sunlight.

4. Depressing surroundings. Get away from them. To do so may imply losing money, or station in life, or friends, but better lose these than life itself. Go where

there is cheer and health and brightness, if it costs you all you own in the world.

5. Words. Don't talk failure, gloom, disappointment, or darkness. Words react upon you. Talk hope, success, victory. Affirm God. Affirm your own soul. Affirm joy. Talk energy, not weakness.

Every human being has to fight more or less against the forces of disintegration within him. Despair is the enemy of all mankind. It is the devil's other name. Let us struggle against it day and night.

We are all a little crazy; let us cheer one another up as best we can.

As the Spaniards say:

"De medico, poeta y loco
Todos tenemos un poco."

Everybody has in him a bit of the physician, the poet, and the madman.

THE REFLEX ACTION OF WORDS

IN the beginning is the Word.

We commonly think of the Word as the end, the product and eventuation of a thought. It is. But, once uttered, a Word has a certain reflex action, and returns to have an effect upon the speaker.

We not only say things because we think them, we also think things because we say them.

There are some who tell us to say we are well, and never to say we suffer, to assert happiness and success, and deny sorrow and failure, and it will be unto us according to our assertion. Perhaps we have been impatient at such advice, and declare we will not lie nor act the hypocrite, but will honestly

say what we feel. And possibly we have regarded people who talk so to us as imbeciles, trying to lift themselves by their bootstraps.

But revise your harsh judgment. Go over the matter thoughtfully, and you may perceive that these enthusiasts are not wholly wrong. There is a modicum of truth in their idea. They have glimpsed the secret power of the reflex action of Words.

Physically, a Word is a sound vibration; it is possible to break a wine-glass by a properly pitched tone. And spiritually also a Word has its vibrations, and affects the mind and feeling.

We think in Words, when we think clearly. For when our thoughts cannot be expressed they are quite vague and influence us not much.

We even feel in Words. Most of our de-

sires and passions run in the channels that Words have worn.

So there is sound psychology in saying that words can make us sick or well. Talk of your diseases and they will grow. Talk health and you will be healthy.

It is not a matter of lying, but of selection and suppression. Search out any normal, happy, successful, healthy element in yourself—you can always find something of the kind if you look for it—and speak of that. And if you have pain, depression, fear, worry, or any sort of gloom, turn away your mind from it as much as possible, and at any rate do not talk about it.

Your strong, bright words will fly back to you. In every one of them is a seed of feeling; it will fall within the garden of your heart and make a flower.

And if you have the yeastings of sour-

ness and bitterness within you, at least give them no culture of Words; batten them down in darkness and silence, and they will die for lack of air

You can always keep your mouth shut. It may help you. It certainly will help us.

COLUMBUS

AMERICA lies beyond.
Nothing is final!

So many people give up. If they would go on they would discover America.

That little company on the "Pinta," the "Nina," and the "Santa Maria" are a good type of us all. They were afraid. All about them was the dreadful unknown. Imagination had peopled the sea with monsters. They were sailing where man had never sailed before, which calls for the last reserves of courage. They wanted to turn back. They threatened mutiny. Only the iron-willed Columbus said, "Sail on!"

So we venture on into Tomorrow, an uncharted water. We know not what we shall

find. The ghosts of our fears and fancies threaten us. We shrink from the future. We would quit, turn back. We are like the sailors. But let me rather be like Columbus.

For America lies beyond.

Nothing is final.

Have you lost your money? Has your business failed? Is poverty staring you in the face? You know not which way to turn. You say you are "up against it." You sit and brood. Despair is your companion.

Go on! Tomorrow lies before you. Who knows what is there? Perhaps the land of Success is just beyond the horizon and tomorrow's sun will reveal it, palm-fringed and glistening.

You have lost your position. You have lost your love. Disgrace has fallen upon you. Disease has attacked you. Friends

have deserted you. Or some other calamity shadows you.

Go on! Life is not a fixed point. Life is a stream, ever flowing. It is a moving picture continually unfolding. It is a strange tale; there will be another chapter after this. Let us see what is in it.

Thank God! no man knows the future. Let our curiosity keep up our spirit. Life is an unending adventure.

America lies beyond.

Nothing is final.

Life is a puzzle. But every puzzle has a solution. To high hearts and undaunted minds there is always hope.

Come! Faces toward the Future! Pull the belt a little tighter! Speak cheer one to another! Whatever has happened to us or in us, whatever outward evil or inward weakness, we are not cattle, nor rabbits, we

are souls, a little fragment each of us of Almighty God; no one can make up despair except ourself.

If I fall I shall rise again. The fates may be very strong, but they cannot make me afraid.

My soul is a Columbus; and not watery wastes, nor strange sounds, nor glooming mysteries, nor bludgeoning facts, not heaven nor hell shall send me back, nor make me cry "Enough!"

America lies beyond.

Nothing is final.

WHAT IS EFFICIENCY?

WHAT is efficiency?

It is doing things, not wishing you could do them, dreaming about them, or wondering if you can do them.

It is the power to learn how to do things by doing them, as learning to walk by walking, or learning to sell goods by selling them.

It is knowing how to apply theory to practise.

It is the trick of turning defeat into experience and using it to achieve success.

It is the ability to mass one's personality at any given time or place; it is skill in quick mobilization of one's resources.

It is making everything that is past minister to the future.

It is the elimination of the three microbes of weakness—regret, worry, and fear.

It is self-reliance clothed with modesty.

It is persistence plus politeness.

It is the hand of steel in the velvet glove.

It is alertness, presence of mind, readiness to adjust one's self to the unexpected.

It is sacrificing personal feelings to the will to win.

It is impinging the ego against the combination of events—luck, fate, custom, and prejudice—until they give way.

It is massing the me against the universe.

It is the sum of the three quantities—purpose, practise, and patience.

It is the measure of a man, the real size of his soul.

It is the ability to use one's passions, likes,

dislikes, habits, experience, education, mind, body, and heart—and not to be used by these things.

It is self-mastery, concentration, vision, and common sense.

It is the sum total of all that's in a man.

INTELLECTUAL TRAINS

THERE is no way to get the values of the countryside so good as walking. If you have a horse he gets in between you and the glory of the landscape, and if you whiz along the road in an automobile you had as well, save for the fresh air, be at a moving-picture show. Only when you walk do you get that personal, minute, and intimate acquaintance with nature.

It is even so in our intellectual life. When we think along with a political party, a religious sect, a literary cult, or an artistic school, we may be said to be travelling by train through the land of ideas. When we leave all groups and creeds and plunge alone into

life's problems, see and determine things for ourselves, and form our own tastes and persuasions, we may be said to walk.

There are times, perhaps most of the time, when we must perforce go by train; the affairs of society and the state being too complex for individual capacity. We must possibly vote the party ticket, go to church, join the literary crusade, and co-operate in this or that group; but we should reserve the right to go often upon an independent ramble.

"There are men," writes Hamerton, "whose whole art of living consists in passing from one conventionalism to another, as a traveller changes his train. To them intellectual independence is unintelligible. Why go afoot when you may sit comfortably in a train, a rug around your lazy legs and your head resting softly in a corner?"

A STORY

I HEARD a good story the other day.

The world's best and most usable wisdom by and by gets itself into a story. When the truth is embodied in a tale—that is, when it is expressed in terms of imagination—then it is "made flesh and dwells among us."

A farmer had become tired of his farm. He had lived on the place all his life. He was born there. When a boy he drove the cows in from the field, gathered apples in the orchard, swam in the creek, and carried his books across the meadow and through the woods-pasture to the little box of a schoolhouse down the north road.

As a young man he ploughed and harrow-

ed in the Spring, made hay and bound oats in the Summer, and hauled fodder to the cattle in the Winter.

To the old home he had brought his bride. There his three children were born that were now grown up and gone. He was sick of the place. He dreamed of some nice, quiet spot where conditions were ideal, where he could pass his declining days in comfort.

So he went to a real-estate agent in town and listed his farm for sale. The agent drove out and looked the premises over. He said he thought he would have no difficulty in finding a purchaser, as the property seemed to be in fine condition.

When the farmer got the next week's issue of his county paper he read the real-estate agent's advertisement. It stated that the Perkins farm of one hundred sixty acres was for sale. It was all fertile. A

crop failure had never been known. There were forty acres of excellent timber, a good artesian well, plenty of pasture land, and a charming dwelling-house, with adequate barns, bins, and sheds. The place was well stocked with cattle, horses, pigs, and poultry. It was of easy access to the city, and had telephone and rural free-delivery advantages. Any one looking for an ideal farm would do well to consult the agent at once.

The next day the farmer called at the agent's office and said:

"Say, I read your advertisement of my place in the paper, and as near as I can figure that's exactly the kind of farm I've been looking for. I'll keep it myself."

All of which goes to show that it pays to advertise, even if only to satisfy yourself.

OVERTONES

IN personal relations it is the overtones that count.

It's not what you say, for instance, so much as what you signify. Your gesture, your tone of voice, your air, these strike deeper into me than your words.

The young lady may say she hates you, just simply hates you; but if she accompany this statement with a come-hither look of her eyes and a slight pressure of the hand, what matters the tone compared with the overtones?

You may call me a miserable rapscallion that ought to be hanged; but if you make a jovial grin thereby and thump me playfully on the back I am flattered.

One woman said to another, speaking of a third, "I think she's a good woman"—accent on the good. And the other heard only the overtones of the remark and answered, "I don't like her either."

No human being, not even female, is better than she ought to be, yet if you say of a woman she is no better than she ought to be you are starting a scandal. The overtones of that perfectly truthful remark are very naughty.

Re business, it's not so much the gist of what you do as the way you do it. It was said of Sheridan that he could borrow five pounds of you and make you feel he was doing you a favor.

There are experts in overtones who can refuse your request and still have you feeling you have been highly complimented.

The minute you go into some stores you

feel the pleasing overtones of the place. Even if you pay more there you do so gladly because you feel good.

These delicate, subtle, hardly audible harmonics mean more in life than the tones themselves. It's that "something or other" we must pay for.

It's not the food (with its calories and carbohydrates and things) that we pay seven dollars a plate for; it's the French names on the bill of fare, and the gold room at the Lalapalooza Hotel, and the privilege of dining with the distinguished Lord High Chamberlain Sir Roger Alamagoozlum, that induces us to pay said price for thirty-five cents' worth of victuals.

Give us the luxuries of life, said the Frenchman, and we'll dispense with the necessities; which means it's the overtones we want.

The best advertiser is the artist in overtones He suggests, he titillates the imagination, he lures the subconscious desires, he deftly wafts incense before your spirit's nose. What are arguments, facts, and such like wooden matters? It's illusion we want, rainbows, whispers, hints, airy nothings. These persuade men. Though of course we will not admit it.

DREAMS AND AR'T

I HAD the most wonderful dream last night. I dreamt he came down the pipe and appeared surprisingly before us all, and his name was Mr. In. Queer name, wasn't it? Sort of Japanesy. He did the most amazing things for us, made a great hit, the critics said. It was prize-fighting or piano-playing or speechifying or something; anyway we all thought he was remarkable, and, come to find out, he was the baby!—our baby, you know, that's all!

Not much of a dream?

No, now that I write it down it doesn't seem at all like it did when I dreamed it. It's just foolish. Then it was really very striking, in a first-rate theatrical way.

There was some quality in the dream that my pencil misses. I've told the whole story the best I can, and find I've got it all—except the atmosphere. Which is about as bad as getting all of the joke except the point.

I have uncovered the weakness of all literature, all art. For art is art in proportion as it reports correctly atmosphere.

And the interesting, the vital and gripping element in any event of personality is its dream-stuff.

And what are we all doing except trying to utter our dreams? Some by writing, some by paint, others by music, others by business, fact, achievement, moulding dream-clay into images of success, others by passion or profligacy, or religion or what not—we're all at it, endeavoring to make real that wonderful half-glimpsed thought.

It is that a dream-world, lying behind the

curtain, that makes this world beautiful. We see it in sleep, or hours of revery, or moments of longing; we feel it in dim surgings of passion. But we never quite catch it.

There are wraiths and strains of it in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," in Arnold Boecklin's pictures, in Rodin's sculpture. There's a deal of it in Wordsworth's poetry, and Richard Hovey's. Now you see it and now you don't.

There! there was a note of it in that tenor's voice, there was a flash of it in that girl's face—there! that falling cadence of the orchestra, did you hear it? There was a swish of dreams in that.

Back of the mountains, beyond the seas, the other side of the wall, yonder—oh, forever yonder—is our native land, the country of dreams, where our hearts live really, and we are homesick for it.

Religion calls it goodness, and art calls it beauty, and science calls it truth. But whatever it is we want it, as we want nothing else in this world, as we want not food nor finery. Whenever we meet a new man we peer into his soul for a message from it. The woman sweeps our heart-strings only by promising to reveal it. We become great for it. We ruin and lose ourselves for it. It is the price of life.

Dreams! Impotence and regret that we cannot utter them!

I KNOW

I KNOW I can do as I please. At least I can always refuse. Hence I know that I am responsible for my actions. I will accept this responsibility and play the man. I will not be ever seeking excuses for my weakness.

I know I do not understand all the secret springs of the acts of others, hence I will be charitable in my judgments.

I know that what I know is to what I do not know as one is to infinity, hence I will try always to be teachable.

I know that the past cannot be changed, hence I will make the best of it; and that I cannot control the future, hence I will not worry about it.

I know that happiness depends more upon my thoughts than upon what happens to me, hence I will strive to control and adjust myself, instead of complaining of circumstances.

I know that the world is managed by a power and a will not of myself and greater than myself, hence I will try to understand and conform to it.

I know I cannot cheat nor evade the laws of nature, hence I will seek to find out what they are and obey them.

I know I have limitations, and that it is quite as important to understand them as it is to know my capacity.

I know that life is sweet to the healthy-minded, and therefore I will reject summarily any creed or opinion that degrades or mocks at life.

I know what love is. I do not always

know what is right or wrong, nor what is wise or unwise. Therefore I can safely love everybody, and safely regulate nobody.

I know that suspicion is a disease of faith, jealousy is a disease of egotism, and envy is a disease of small natures; these I will avoid.

I know I can control and shape my tastes, my desires, and my thoughts, and I will not allow myself to be dominated by these.

I know that no sentiment, no feeling, is of value unless it enters into the will and is expressed in action.

I know that I will get from this world the equivalent only of what I give to it.

I know that, whatever God may be, a constant effort to do right is the only way to secure His approval. Whatever wrong I have committed, He becomes my friend when I begin to do right.

THE JOURNALIST

I AM the journalist.

I sit as the watcher upon the heights and look with calm eyes over all the activities of men.

I do not judge. I record. I do not praise or blame. I tell.

I am the world become vocal. I am the utterance of humanity. I am progress self-conscious.

I am as a white searchlight upon a tower. I run my gigantic eye to and fro above the city. My ray is unescapable.

When my beam is turned upon the doings of the wicked, there is a mighty scampering, as when an old piece of plank is upturned in a summer field the myriad white insects scat-

ter, seeking the protective darkness they love.

Wrongdoers dread me more than they dread courts, policemen, and prison. For I do not condemn. I simply tell.

The ethics of my profession may be told in one word—truth.

My integrity must be as the virtue of women—above price.

No man can buy my light. No man can buy my silence.

I am not in the thick of affairs. I sit above them. I have nothing to do with your stock market, your business, your politics, your religion, your organizations and institutions—except to tell of them.

I have no responsibility for your causes and your movements except to report the cold facts.

I am among you, but not of you.

I gaze upon humanity as the moon looks upon the earth.

I am the eternal bystander.

I am the recording angel; every day is the day of judgment.

I am not the magistrate, nor the advocate, nor the bailiff at the daily assizes. I am the court reporter.

My business is not to teach my fellow-men, not to lead nor influence them; it is to utter them.

My voice has weight only as it speaks the heart of the people.

I represent the invisible czar of a free people—public opinion.

If I do not speak what the people think I am dead; no amount of subsidy, nor of patronage, can vitalize me. I live, I have power, only as I represent the people.

I am the flower of democracy. Without

me no people can be self-governing. They cannot become conscious of themselves.

All tyrants, bosses, kings, rulers, all who would impose one will upon the many, fear me, for I am the roar of the multitude.

I speak not for one class or another, not for the good, or the bad; I speak for the priest and for the pariah, for the banker and the tramp, for the Jew and the Gentile, for socialist and conservative, for lawmaker and lawbreaker, for saint and sinner. I can not be better than you all. I am no worse.

I am torchbearer and transmitter. I am the messenger. I am Mercury. Jove is—the people.

I am

"No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must."

Through me you judge yourselves.

BANANAS

THE year 1870 is not so very long ago. Yet it was in that year, it is claimed, the first bananas were brought commercially to Boston.

Whole fleets now convey this fruit from the tropics to the American states; in every city venders sell bananas to the multitude; in every country grocery they are staple. In less than fifty years they have become one of the chief means of sustenance to the people of the nation.

The banana ranks with the apple, the potato, the wheat-grain, and the peanut as a prime minister to the life of a hundred million people.

The reason is not far to seek. In the first place the banana tastes good. There are some things, like tobacco, that one dislikes at the first bite; there are others, like the banana, that no one has to learn to enjoy. There may be some curious palates here and there—freaks are everywhere—who have a distaste for this fruit, but they are not one in a hundred thousand.

Children cry for them. Negroes, Chinamen, college girls, octogenarians, invalids, brides and grooms, messenger boys, railroad presidents, bankers, janitors, prize-fighters, and pacifists like them.

Secondly, they are carefully protected by Nature herself in an admirable sanitary covering. You cannot eat the skin as you do the apple's. No matter how unclean the wagon from which you buy them, when you peel off the yellow coat the inward meat is

revealed pure and white "as an undriven hack," as Charley Case would say.

They are good, they are clean, and thirdly they are cheap. Thus they are an ideal food for the millions. I like to eat what all humanity eats. I know some run to caviar, canvasback, and the Widow Cliquot, but while they get the sweet savor of exclusiveness they miss that deeper gusto which comes from communion with humanity. This you obtain when you drink water or milk and eat bread, potatoes, apples, peanuts, and bananas. It is an important secret that the most satisfying forms of pleasure are those that are common to the race.

Fourthly, the banana stands the test of science as being a valuable food. The government issues a deal of literature, the product of its hygienic experts, endeavoring to enlighten the people about foods.

Following is a comparison of bananas and apples, according to a U. S. government report:

	Bananas (Fresh)	Apples (Fresh)
Fuel value per pound	460 calories	290 calories
Water	75.3%	84.6%
Protein	1.3%	0.4%
Carbohydrates	22.0	14.2

	Bananas (Fried)	Apples (Fried)
Water	29.2%	26.1%
Protein	5.3%	1.6%
Carbohydrates	57.9	68.1
Fuel value	1,240 calories	1,350 calories

From this it will be seen that the banana is rich in nourishment.

Bananas cost about seven cents a pound; porterhouse steak about fifty.

John W. Beal states that in the states of Parana and Santa Catarina, in Brazil, the inhabitants subsist entirely on bananas as food, and are famous for their strength and endurance.

Flour made from dried bananas is superior in carbohydrates to wheat-flour, but in-

ferior in protein or flesh-forming values; but it is very palatable and particularly adapted to persons of weak digestive organs.

Buy a banana or so, and a bag of peanuts, for your lunch, instead of gorging yourself on a table-d'hote monstrosity at a restaurant, and you'll feel better, and live longer.

CONSISTENCY

TO be always consistent one must follow the crowd. There is nothing stable in opinions that are not moulded by custom, institutions, and the established order.

Now these things are all mixed with fraud. And therefore consistency is largely fraud.

Whoever will love the truth and go where it leads must needs be often inconsistent.

For truth is as large as the universe itself, while we are small and can see only a bit of it at a time.

Truth is like a diamond of many facets; we get gleams of it now and then, and sometimes the ray is yellow and sometimes red.

Let us not be alarmed if life seems one thing today and another tomorrow; both are true, for life is manifold; and if we hold to yesterday's truth to the rejection of today's we fall into the error of little, safe souls.

The end of consistency is the Pharisee.

The end of open-mindedness is wonder, worship, and the freshness of the soul eternal.

THEY SANG

WHEN the British troopship "Tyndareus" struck a mine off Cape Agulhas on February ninth, a panic among the soldiers would have caused serious loss of life. But there was no panic. The officers gave their commands and every man sprang to his place. Perfect discipline triumphed.

"Two steamers," say the press reports, "despatched to the rescue, in response to the wireless signals for help, arrived on the scene within half an hour. During this trying time, although faced by the probability of imminent death, the troops maintained steadfast courage and coolness."

These were not seasoned veterans, but

young recruits recently at work in the quiet duties of civilian life, yet they responded to orders as briskly as if on parade. When the order to "stand easy" was given they began to sing, and for half an hour the choruses of "Tipperary" and "The Long Trail" rang out gayly in the leering face of death.

This is the highest type of manhood—the conquest of fear by nobleness of mind. It has its lesson for all of us, and its rebuke for many.

Why should any soul whine and snivel? Why should any human being complain?

Suppose you are poor, hard-pressed, abused, wronged, sick, betrayed. What of it? The worst that can happen to you is that you may die. And look at these boys in the very breath of death singing cheerily!

We thank you, lads; the whole world thanks you for your song. It will float into

innumerable wintry hearts and bring life, like the breath of spring.

It will cure us of our miserable self-pity, our cowardly despair.

Those who are ready to give up, those who meditate suicide, those whose feeble wills are paralyzed with discouragement or fear, the whole great army of the disheartened thank you, and they will take up the refrain, and no matter what the untoward fates may plot against them, they will fall to and sing:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!

THE GREATEST RAILWAY IN THE WORLD

THE greatest railway in the world is not from Berlin to Bagdad, from the Cape to Cairo, nor from Alaska to Buenos Ayres; it is the railway that runs underground through the catacombs of New York City.

Few realize what an enormous, complicated, and delicate task it is to operate what is known as the subway.

From a recent statement issued by the company I glean the following facts, which were startling to me and may be to you:

The subway trains run twenty-four hours a day.

Out of the confusion of traffic, beneath the crowded streets, these trains speed like

rapid shuttles, weaving the great human traffic, the City.

The subway carries 1,350,000 passengers a day.

Nine hundred thousand of them ride in the "rush" hours, between six and nine in the morning, and four and seven in the afternoon.

The subway, with 136 miles of track, hauls more than two and one-half times as many passengers as the number hauled by the Pennsylvania Railroad with its 26,000 miles of track. And the Pennsylvania stretches through thirteen states and the District of Columbia, while the subway is in one city alone.

Just north of the Ninety-sixth street station a train passes over the subway switches every twenty-six seconds during the busiest hour.

Fifteen thousand people are carried by the subway to Times Square, the heart of the theatre district, for the matinees. The night theatre crowd numbers about 18,000.

The morning rush hour begins at 5.48 o'clock, when the ten-car trains are put on.

Running the subway requires an accurate knowledge of that all-important but intangible thing known as the law of averages. For instance, the trainmaster says:

"We must know approximately how many passengers to expect at each station in the morning rush, and at what time. We must, for instance, know how many people take the train at 116th street station between seven and eight. If we didn't our service would lack the regularity and smoothness necessary to handle these millions daily. An unexpected crowd delays a train."

The slightest delay to one train affects the

whole system, which is as nicely adjusted as a watch. A subway train can never make up time during rush hours, as the line is so crowded that from Ninety-sixth street south there is a headway of only a minute and a half.

The handling of this enormous number of passengers smoothly and efficiently is one of the marvels in this age of marvels.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY—TRY AGAIN

THE gist of New Year's Day is—Try again.

That's why it rolls around once a year.

That's why we hang a new calendar on the wall, and lay a fresh diary on the desk.

The markings of time have their spiritual significance.

Every clock-tick means that life is not one big rush, one grand gamble, where our all is staked upon some one issue, but it's a step-by-step process, and there are as many opportunities every twenty-four hours as there are seconds; that is to say, that the situation changes daily 86,400 times.

Every clock-stroke says another hour is gone, a new hour is mine, and it may be bet-

ter than the last. At any rate, whatever we have to do, it's only one hour at a time.

Life as a lump is too much for any of us. It is a burden to break any man's back. But one hour—we can stand that—and that is all we have to stand. So come on, boys, we'll go through one hour of it, and we will not tackle the second hour until it comes to meet us.

Every day is a new life. Every evening is a Day of Judgment. Every morning is a resurrection. One day is all there is to it, and that isn't so much.

We don't have to eat a whole beef—just a slice. Nor to drink up the river—just a glassful. Nor to jump a mile—just a step at a time.

And all these minor markings are lumped and emphasized by New Year's Day.

The past year is gone. It's dead. We

are living. The past is God's. The future is ours.

All our mistakes, humiliations, failures, follies, and stupidities; our jealousies and heart-breaks, our wounds and bruises; all the whole league of miseries that make life lame and weary; all, all are gone, swallowed up in that big, black hole we call the past, submerged in the same dark waters where lie Cæsar and his legions, Abelard and Heloise, Solomon and Tubal Cain.

On New Year's Day let us put on our "morning faces." Let us begin again with all things new—babies and chicks, furry kittens and cubs, youth and adventure!

The sun is climbing. The wind's right from heaven. Love is newborn daily while hate grows old.

Come, kiss and make up! Drop the past, as your night garment, and put on the fresh

clothing of hope. Wash your face in the cool waters of faith—it's ever running, runs out from under the Great White Throne, and runs through the city streets.

Come! No more tears and regrets. Take your hat, old friend, and come with me. We'll go and meet the adventurous future.

Undismayed and unafraid we'll greet the New Year.

TENNYSON'S THEOLOGY

"DEAR Sir," writes a gentleman from New Jersey, "I have read your article of some time ago, and I wish to state I believe I have a natural right to ask, Why does your Almighty and All-merciful God, who created the universe and even the glittering stars, allow His Christian children to perpetuate this horrible slaughter in Europe? It will not do to say, It is His way, etc. It is human judgment and reason that this is infamous and hideous. Shall we, in this enlightened twentieth century, worship, honor, and love this God?"

Answer: This is a free country, and you don't have to believe in God if you don't want to.

But suppose you don't; then what?

If the world is not managed by a good God then (1) it must be controlled by a vicious God, or (2) by no God at all, or (3) by the devil, or (4) by the devil and God in competition.

All these theories have been held at various times and by different cults. They haven't given much satisfaction. Most intelligent people fall back to the belief that there must be a good God, although there are many things in the ways of providence that we cannot understand. Tennyson's lines probably express our common conviction as concisely as possible:

"O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill."

We "trust"; we do not know. We believe, because to believe anything else is infinitely worse. There is no alternative.

To believe God is vicious would make this a horrible and sinister world.

To believe that the universe is purely material, with "no divine, far-off event to which the whole creation moves," would make of it what Carlyle calls "a huge, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference to grind me limb from limb."

The presence of evil in the world is something nobody understands. Whately called it "the problem of the ages."

But, after all, it is because of that, not in spite of it, that we believe in the Eternal Goodness. Our moral sense forces us to the conclusion that "somehow" right and justice must prevail.

It is in the bosom of man, not in the events of the world, that the seat of God is. We do not argue that there is a good Governor of all things because all things are pleas-

ant and right; we believe there must be a good purpose overruling all, because so many things apparently prove the contrary.

We follow our inextinguishable instincts, rather than our limited powers of observation and logic, because we are essentially moral beings. We have to believe in Goodness Almighty, simply because to believe anything else presents a hundredfold more difficulties. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is pretty good theology:

"Hold thou the good; define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and
Procuress to the Lords of Hell."

WHEN I AM GONE

WHEN I am gone, that is the end of the world.

All its movements, of government, of wars, of business, of social redemption, of eugenics and women's rights, of church, of art, of education, of finance, sport, romance, vengeance—the whole boiling kettle of human affairs will have disappeared, and "like an insubstantial fabric vanished leave not a wrack behind."

What do I care about the end of the world? The end of me is the end of the world.

When I am gone so many things will make no matter.

The kisses of hot lips, the yearning of full

breasts, the fires of passion, the impatience, the eagerness, the monomania, the quick breathing and aching heart—just a little handful of cold ashes of memory, when I am gone.

No more my footstep in the hall, my key rattling in the front door, my chair ready by the lamp, my bureau drawer full of neckties, my coats hanging in the closet, my desk cluttered with papers and books, the smell of my pipe through the house, no more me, nor the accoutrements of me.

How long will it take the ripples to die away on the water when the pebble me has dropped in? How long before all is again as it was before I was?

How long before my name sounds strange, and curious people try to recall, and say, "Oh, yes! I did hear my grandmother speak of him once."

When I am gone, who will use my French dictionary, a red book, colored like a meerschaum by much handling; and what will become of my little black address-book, and my fountain-pen, and my desk clock? I use them every day now. I love them, yet I know they are all trollops and will serve the next man as gladly.

When I am gone, whither will all these molecules fly that make up my body? My congregation of atoms will break up. They will scatter "from Ponkapog to Pesth." "School's out!" they'll cry, and run away.

I am concerned about this world, as well as about myself, when I am gone. Think of the suns rising day after day and no me to see them, of trees greening in Spring and my heart not there to leap, of good jokes and no laughter from me, of pretty faces and no eye of mine to brighten. The world is good,

and it is mine; what will it do without me?

I stew and fret, I hope and fear, I strive, I think things are so important; but, when I am gone, what's the difference?

When I am gone! "Why so hot, little man?" Why worry?

THE CALL

YOU have as much sense as the next man. Use it. Rely on it. And it will grow.

You have two good hands, two good eyes, two good ears, your liver and lights are in good working order, you have just as good a physical machine as Vincent Astor. Use them.

You have as much faith as St. Francis ever had, if you'd use it.

You have as much hope and cheer as Mark Tapley. Use it.

You have as much strenuosity as Roosevelt. Use it.

You have as good an education as Rockefeller had.

You can read the same newspapers, magazines, and books Mr. Howells reads.

You can see the same pictures in the galleries that Charles Dana Gibson can see.

You have as many funny experiences as George Ade.

You have a pen and as much paper as Rudyard Kipling.

There's as much adventure calling you as ever called General Funston.

You have twenty-four hours a day, just the same as Woodrow Wilson.

What's the matter with you?

Why don't you make good?

All the wide seas want ships; where is yours?

The quarries are full of stone waiting to go into houses, the mines are gorged with ore, the forests are thick with building material.

Bridges need building, inventions are pleading to be born, the world is hungry for interesting books. Build, invent, write!

Every magazine editor is searching diligently in his mail for the real story; send one in.

Every business house is crying for salesmen, every woman wants a good husband, children want teachers, the demand for the right man everywhere is tremendous.

What seems to be your trouble?

What do you mean you have no chance?

Opportunity's knuckles are all skinned knocking at your door.

Farmers can't find laborers, housewives can't find cooks, theatrical managers can't find the right plays, churches can't find sufficient pastors.

The scarcest thing in this world is a man, a real man.

MAXIMS OF FRIENDSHIP—I

LET us play awhile in the library.

The subject of friendship has engaged the attention of thinkers in all ages. Many of their conclusions have come down to us in proverbs.

From these sentences of condensed wisdom we can catch many a shrewd hint.

For instance, a maxim found in various forms in different languages is: The way to make friends that will last long is to be a long time making them. The Greeks had it: Do not make friends quickly.

A precept of Bias has aroused much discussion: Love as if one day you will hate; hate as if one day you will love.

An offset to this is attributed to Cæsar: I would rather die once than mistrust always. And Spurgeon's apothegm was: He who believes everybody will be bitten, but he who believes nobody will be devoured.

Who is too much of a friend to himself is a friend to no one else is a saying of all lands. La Bruyere puts it: Indulgence toward one's self and severity toward others is one and the same vice. And the Latins: The self-lover has no rival.

That we prefer a moderate but durable friendship to a share in my tastes and ways is expressed by: Love me little, love me long.

And that if you love me you must love what I love, and share in my tastes and ways, is expressed by: Love me, love my dog.

In almost every language we find the equivalent of: A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Aristotle quotes a Greek proverb: Who ceases to be a friend never was one.

One friend is worth a hundred relatives, or: Fate gives us relatives, we choose our own friends, shows the superiority, in the common mind, of friendship over kinship.

It was Socrates who said: A friend is another self. And Aristotle the like: A friend is one soul in two bodies.

In the Hava-mal of the Scandinavians it is said: The tree dies stripped of bark and leaves; so no man can live without friends.

Even if a friend's advice offends you, write it down, say the Spaniards. And the French: Coup d'ami, coup cheri—a friend's blow (reproof) is a loving blow. And the Spanish again: No hay mejor

espejo que el amigo viejo—an old friend is the best mirror.

That a good lover should be a good hater is the basis of the proverb: A good enemy makes a good friend. This, however, is denied by Senac de Meilhan, who writes: Love springs from the heart; hate from egotism.

Friends are sometimes hurt by ill-timed wit, hence: Better lose a joke than a friend.

That friendship once broken is hard to mend appears in the Spanish: Amigo reconciliado, enemigo doblado—a reconciled friend's a double enemy.

To have no money dealings with personal friends is taught in many wise saws: He that lends to his friends loses double. The way to lose a friend is to lend him money. The Russians say: Refuse to lend, and make an enemy; lend, and make an eternal

enemy. The Turks: Eat and drink with a friend, but do no business with him.

Sincerity is the sacrament of friendship, say the Arabs. Also: A thousand friends is not enough, and one enemy is too many.

God save me from my friends! I can save myself from my enemies, is a saying found everywhere. It was inscribed on the walls of one of the dungeons of the Doge's palace in Venice, where the victims of the Council of Ten were immured:

"Di chi mi fido guarda mi Dio!
Degli altri mi guardero io."

MAXIMS OF FRIENDSHIP—II

LET us play some more in the library.

Here are some further traits of friendship, drawn from the proverbial wisdom of all ages and peoples.

Trust not the friendship of a wit, it is said. And again: Wit is the art of making enemies. Not that our friendly intercourse should not be jovial, but that the incurable joker will not fail some time to wound us in order to score a laugh or to compromise us by his indiscretions.

The Orientals say: Friendship either finds us or leaves us equals; that is, a certain common level is necessary between friends, and if it does not exist at first it must be discovered at last.

The superior value of old friends is testified in innumerable maxims. Time, which makes all things ugly, makes friendship beautiful, is the French setting. Italian: An old friend is a thing always new. We say: There's no friend like an old friend.

Tacitus writes: Favors are pleasant so long as they are of a kind we can return; when they exceed that they destroy friendship. A good thing to remember at Christmas.

Don't let the grass grow on the road to your friend, is one caution from the French; but Mahomet says: Too frequent visits destroy friendship. The Hebrew maxim is: Rain is good when you want it, but rain every day is a bore. And the Russians: Rare visitors are good company.

That friendship is a better guaranty of wedded contentment than love is indicated

in the proverb of Charon: Marriage is a matter of remaining friends rather than of remaining lovers. And the French say: Friendship born of love is better than love itself.

Let your friendships be immortal and your hates mortal, is from Livy.

Eating together has always been regarded as a means of making and keeping up friendship. La table fait les amis—the table makes friends—the French have it. Perhaps the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is founded upon this feeling, the love-feasts of the early church, and the like.

The partaking of salt is considered as an especial symbol of friendship, as the Latin: Amicitia pactum salis—friendship is a pact of salt. The ancient Hebrews used salt in their sacrificial rites, as Leviticus: In all oblations thou shalt offer salt. Possibly

it is because salt is a preservative. Homer speaks of "divine salt."

Friends should speak one to the other in sincerity and frankness. An Oriental saying is: Beware of them that traffic in incense and in poisons; that is, of flatterers and backbiters.

That friends are better than gold is the burden of many proverbs. In the "Romance of the Rose" we read: Better friends on the road than money in the belt—Vaut miex amis en voie que ne font deniers en corroie. Amanieu des Escas, the troubadour, expresses it: Better a friend than money in time of need. And again we find in the old French: A treasure is not a friend, but a friend is a treasure.

THE GARY SYSTEM

THE Gary system is being discussed in New York with all the refreshing enthusiasm of ignorance.

Perhaps a simple statement of the facts in the case may be of use.

It is so called because it was first tried out in Gary, Indiana. It has nothing whatever to do with Judge Gary of the Steel Corporation, who is guilty of the crime of success, and hence is a bugaboo to the soap-box crowd.

It was introduced into New York simply because it is the latest, most modern, most scientific, and most sensible step in education, and New York wanted the best.

Why is it so opposed by certain classes in the great city?

Just a few years ago the Chicago sports shot ducks over the sand dunes on the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan where the city of Gary now stands. Not a soul lived there. Then the Steel Corporation located its works there. As if overnight there sprang up a modern city, with sky-scrapers, street cars, electric lights, and all other city equipment. The citizens of course set up a public school. They secured a teacher by the name of Wirt to head it.

Wirt found the one opportunity of a lifetime, and of the United States, to wit: a brand-new city, with no old fossils on the board of education, and no mouldy traditions to kill off any new ideas. So instead of creating a school just like all other schools he instituted a system where children are

really developed and made good and useful citizens, and not merely run through a dull routine.

His system is, in a nutshell, designed to teach by study, hand work, and play.

In other words, he gave to the children of the poorest family the superior advantages heretofore only to be found in certain excellent private schools.

That he succeeded will be a surprise to any one who knows the conservatism and inertia of schools, for American schools have been almost as medieval as the German army. But he succeeded because he had a clean sheet. He was creating something new.

When he came to New York he found plenty of opposition because he tried to graft this healthy, new shoot on to an old and very gnarled tree.

The whole inertia of the teaching profes-

sion was against him; all that considerable portion of the populace that faces backward and sees wisdom only in the past was against him; political demagogues who wanted to cripple the administration that brought him to New York were against him; the passions of those whose minds are soaked in class, and who send their children to school to enable them to climb into a higher class, were against him. Nobody was for him except those who use their common sense and think, which is a comparatively small proportion of the populace.

In Gary, Wirt was creating something; in New York, he had to reform something.

There is no doubt whatever that in time Wirt's ideas will be universally adopted. But they will first have to pass through the fire and fury that beset every revolt from tradition and return to reason.

THE WHOLE-SOULED

THE whole-souled shall inherit the earth. They are the conquerors. Make way for them!

It is they who bring light, the light that makes us all shine.

It is they who have the power and sweep us all onward.

They brush aside the half-hearted.

They know what they want and get it.

There is no doubt about whom they love.

Theirs is the clear note of the thrush at morning and of the nightingale at evening, and when they sing all the chorus of critic-frogs, croaking the ifs and buts and yets, are silenced.

They know how to admire.

They are not afraid to applaud.

In them is the electric sunlight that bears no clouds, the sweet wind that blows away all morbidities, the unstayed stream that overbears all hesitancies, carries all indecisions and broken reeds of purpose down to the sea of the infinite.

The whole-souled worker earns his wage.

The whole-souled friend is a joy forever.

The whole-souled lover makes love divine.

The whole-souled speaker compels us.

The whole-souled writer carries us with him.

The whole-souled patriot makes the nation.

The whole-souled are the sure-footed. They are the clear-eyed. They are the stout-hearted.

They are the steadfast ones in the dark-

ness of trial, theirs the happy song in the hour of triumph.

It is better to be whole-souled than to be gifted, than to be rich, than to be famous.

Most men are mobs, the whole-souled man is an organized state.

All men are sinners, but the whole-souled have at least none of the sins of meanness.

We must all labor, but to the whole-souled labor is craftsmanship.

The whole-souled create, the half-hearted imitate.

Give me the whole-souled—whole-souled children, whole-souled fellow-workmen, whole-souled mothers, whole-souled friends, whole-souled patriots, whole-souled lovers, whole-souled eaters, players, loafers, walkers, laughers!

For theirs is the earth and the fulness thereof.

THE SEED

THE Seven Wonders of the World were by no means the most wonderful things in the world.

The wonders of life are thickest among the familiar, every-day matters.

Perhaps the most amazing, baffling, mysterious thing in all the universe is a seed.

Look at an apple-tree. All of its trunk form, the law of its branches, its leaves and their veins, its delicate blossoms, and its red fruit, were contained in a little, brown, hard seed. Open the seed and you see nothing but a whitish filling; yet that substance has powers as strange as mind, it has a plan that implies wood, flowers, and apples.

Out of my window in the morning I hear

roosters giving their hoarse, peculiar call. They all sing practically the same tune. Once it was in the egg. Think of that yolk and white in the egg holding in itself the potentiality of a certain cry. And cocks crow now doubtless just as they crew in the Garden of Eden.

Take two particles of vital fluid; the microscopist can hardly determine a difference between them; yet from one comes a lion, with all his complicated organism of hair, nails, blood-vessels, viscera, nerve-threads, mental tendencies, characteristics; and from the other a man with a body as complex as that of the lion, and with a brain containing the thoughts, fancies, and spiritual functions of an intelligent being.

It seems uncanny when we consider a talking-machine and observe how the tones of a voice, or a piano, or a violin, or the full

music of an orchestra, pass through the point of a needle. It seems impossible, a miracle.

And yet it is not so astounding as to note how a living being, a duck, a dog, an oak-tree, a rose-bush, concentrates all of its marvellous organism into an egg or seed, from which a similar organism is produced.

Not any of the sights of earth are comparable to the seed. The falls of Niagara, the cathedral of Saint Peter at Rome, the pyramids of Egypt, the peaks of the Himalayas, none of them is so overwhelming to a thoughtful mind as a little grain of wheat.

The miracle of miracles is life. And the seed is life's most miraculous manifestation.

The wonders of electricity, of radioactivity, of hypnotism, clairvoyance, and dreams, of the starry heavens with their stupendous masses and distances, of chemical affinity and the strange appetencies of molecules, of

art and of invention, cannot, to me, compare with the seed, where there is condensed into a single, small, not very highly organized substance "all the physical, moral, and intellectual past and future of thousands of creatures."

If I were going to be a heathen man, and seek in nature some object to worship as God, some object embodying the infinite mystery of life, I should worship a seed.

THE HABIT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE

LIKE almost everything else, self-confidence is a habit.

It is formed by persistently choosing to let the mind dwell upon our successes, and in turning our thoughts just as persistently away from our failures.

Suppose out of the ten things you did to-day eight were failures. When you come at the end of the day's doings to take stock give these eight one good look, don't dodge them, see what caused them and how you may do better tomorrow—and then dismiss them from your mind.

Think of the two things wherein you have succeeded, even if they be of small import. Speak of them. Don't mention the others.

Keep bringing your success episodes up into the light and air, where they can grow and reproduce their kind. And keep the failure incidents as much as possible in the cellar of your memory, in the dark, where they will "dwindle, peak, and pine." Sterilize your failures. Asphyxiate them.

Of course, this is easier said than done. What hurts is more easily and sharply remembered than what pleases.

A slap in the face is harder to forget than a pat on the back.

Bad things, unpleasant things, ugly things, and nasty things have a way of sticking to us; and good, pleasant, beautiful, and wholesome things, such as our conceit, we are prone to take as matters of course and pay little attention to them.

But here precisely is where the will comes in. Here is the opportunity for self-train-

ing. Here is the secret of improvableness.

For moral slumping is always easy and moral bracing hard. "Smooth is the road to hell," runs the proverb. A person with a flabby will is growing worse every day, just as a man that will not pull at the oars is steadily floating down stream.

And a man is never more a man than when he summons up his will to combat a tendency.

As a matter of fact, almost every day for every one of us contains more agreeable than disagreeable things, even to the grouchiest of souls. Just take a pencil and paper and set down in one column all the events of the day, big and little, that have gratified you, and in another all that have annoyed you; and if you are honest in your account you will find the first column has ten items to the other's one.

The trouble is that the one offensive occurrence magnifies itself. The one point on your body where you have a boil attracts more of your attention than the entire remaining surface.

And when a child has a sore he wants to pick it. And we love to handle over and over the memory of the thing that hurt or pained us.

Well, quit!

Turn around!

Back up!

Except ye be converted (which is a Latinish word that means turned around) ye cannot see the Kingdom.

Let the inflamed spots in your recollection alone. When the rebuff, or mistake, or loss, or insult, or slight, or other ugly thing soever pops up in your thinking, look away, direct your thoughts elsewhere.

It is hard to do. But all improvement is hard.

The only way to climb any height of culture is to keep on doing a difficult thing until it becomes easy.

And the very heart and core secret of culture is to have the disposition to tackle the difficult things.

LOYAL

IT is well to be true and just and honest and good and to do your duty. But there is something better.

It is loyalty.

Loyalty is that something plus which makes a man. It is virtue's crown of virtue in a woman.

It covers a multitude of sins.

It makes us love you even if you are a horse-thief.

It warms our heart toward you even if you are not a pretty woman.

It is something even a fool can be.

It does not take much brains to be loyal, yet it is the best thing the cleverest human being can possibly be.

It makes you love even your relatives when you find it among them.

The absence of it makes you want to run away from your most ardent lover.

It is what we adore most in the most adorable of beings—mothers.

It is the strongest charm in a child.

When you discover a friend has it not, he ceases to be a friend.

When an employer sees it among those who work for him he is happy and likely to be prosperous.

When a wage-earner knows his employer is loyal to him he sleeps well of nights, and by day he is likely to do a little more than he is paid for.

Loyalty would cure nine-tenths of the labor troubles.

Loyalty would heal and unify many a divided church.

Loyalty would stop scandal, strangle suspicion, silence busybodies, and in general make the country town a bit more like heaven and a bit less like hell.

It is the world's champion pacifist, and would do more than any other known thing to disarm tongues that are now more deadly than Zeppelins.

It is the most potent love-potion extant. It furnishes the cheapest and surest way of getting yourself loved.

Upon it is built the most solid popularity. You can do many things to make yourself admired temporarily, but for enduring goodwill there is no more solid foundation-rock than loyalty.

Disloyalty is the hardest thing in the world to forgive.

When the thought of a loyal friend comes to you it makes you feel good over all; the

very knowledge that he lives is medicine to your soul. And when you think of one who is disloyal you want to go and wash your mouth to get the bitter taste out of it.

Just to be loyal! Lord, we can all be that; and, if we only knew it, there isn't a bigger thing this side of heaven we can do.

Real love is, after all, about ten-ninths loyalty. Love needs passion and tenderness and smiles and honey, but if it have all of these and have not loyalty it is nauseous.

There are many kinds of love with which human beings love one another, but of all loves the love upon which the heart leans in the hour of trial, the love the soul cries out for in the horror of loneliness, the love we want to clasp our hand when we breast the salt waves of death, is the love that is spelled, not with four letters, but with five:

L-O-Y-A-L.

HOW TO BE INTERESTING

YOU would like to be interesting? I will tell you the secret of it.

There is something about you that all the world wants to know, something that will attract the interest of every one.

It is—Yourself.

When God made you He made something different from every other creature. That is what personality means. It is distinctiveness.

No character that you can put on is half so attractive as your real self.

This is hard for us to believe, because self is very sensitive. We instinctively conceal it, as a guilty thing. We are as ashamed

of it as of our skin. Most of our culture results in thoroughly disguising ourself. If one were to reveal frankly his genuine soul in high society he might be arrested for indecent exposure.

The wicked conceal their vices; the good conceal their virtues as carefully. We love masks, veils, clothes, disguises. Life is a masked ball. Who knows his neighbor? Or even his wife?

So, to be interesting, to exert influence, to draw praise, we put on the traits of others.

We play we are this or that person as assiduously as children play papa and mamma and soldier.

And, in the world of mimes, one who has mastered the art of self-expression is fascinating as he is different.

Even the actor, presumably a player of roles, is successful in proportion as he re-

veals, through all his various parts, his own self. Mansfield was always Mansfield in everything he did; and Irving could never shed his Irvingness. No actor ever became great except as himself. We go to see John Drew for the John Drew in all he acts.

Playing a part is a trick, though it may be very clever and amusing; revealing one's self is an art.

All there is good in a book is what autobiography seeps through. Giotto's carvings on the bell-tower in Florence are immortal because they are individual; and individuality and inspiration are akin. And that "something" in all Wagner's music is—Wagner.

Nothing is so great, wonderful, original, compelling, as personality.

How then can I express myself fully?

By concentrating on the thing done. By forgetting yourself. In art (and in the dif-

ficult art of life most of all) it is true that "he that loseth his life shall find it."

You will notice that the orator never strikes fire, and kindles you with the divine spark, until he has lost himself in his theme. Similarly a painting, a statue, a piece of music, a bit of writing, begins to glow the moment the maker's eye has lost sight of self. We see him when he no longer sees himself. When he is conscious of himself he is affected and repels us.

The virtuoso, the master, differs from the amateur in that he has got rid of himself.

Very young children are interesting because they have no self-consciousness. And finished masters for the same reason. The beauty of the beginning of life and the end of art are the same.

This is the peculiar psychology of unselfishness. We begin to see why it is so divine.

It is because only when we attain unselfishness we become purely human, the naked soul appears, and the soul, of all things, is of supernal beauty.

To conclude: If you would be interesting, forget yourself.

THE TOWN FOREST

A RECENT newspaper article calls attention to the movement now making in this country to establish town forests.

The end aimed at is that every city and town should have its municipal forest.

It would be a permanent and profitable investment. The individual can hardly be expected to plant trees on a large scale, because he cannot live long enough to get his crop. It is a business for the state.

And a paying business. Many European cities own forests. Zurich in Switzerland has owned one since two hundred years before Columbus discovered America; it yields now about eight dollars an acre.

The forest is not only a paying affair, but

it purifies the air, protects the water-supply, induces rain and otherwise conduces toward the health of men.

It is also the greatest of places for recreation.

Forests usually occupy land that otherwise would be waste.

Intelligent provision should be made by the whole people to preserve and increase the trees, as they are not only a source of wealth but of health.

At present we have some 550,000,000 acres of woods. It is estimated that by the time our population reaches 150,000,000 our forestage will fall to 450,000,000 acres. This situation should be guarded against.

We ought to have seven times as many acres of woodland as we now have.

Every town and city in the United States should have its own forest.

LAUGHTER

THE true philosophy of laughter has never been written. All learned books on the subject I have read are merely discussions of the comic. But laughter has further reaches than that. We not only laugh at jokes and capers but our best laughing is from the sheer joy of life.

Little children laugh at nothing, just as young lambs and puppies frisk; it is because they tingle with life-currents, they are surcharged with electric animality.

And in us grown people there is the same kind of glee-expression, a deep laughter of the spirit, that often never gets so far as a smile on the lips.

Laughter is the sign of life-power. It is the foam that breaks upon the crest of life's hugest waves. It is the noise of the fountain of creative power. It is the war-shot of the soul triumphant.

This inward jocularity and lightness always comes when we see a great truth, when we touch the heart of Nature, when we glimpse God, or when we are made aware of our own ability.

Beware of any so-called truth that does not sparkle in the sun. Beware of any man who has no treasures of concealed mirth.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER FOR THE MAN OVER THERE

O GOD, I make this prayer for HIM. He has gone into war. Let HIM find the higher meanings of war, and not the lower; war's beauty, and not its ugliness.

Let HIM find such things as self-surrender for the common good, self-sacrifice for an ideal, such devotion to a cause as shall develop heroism, such patience under hardship as shall create strength of soul, such courage in peril as shall bring out all that is noble and Godlike in HIM.

Let this war be, to HIM, an adventure fine and wonderful, an education wherein HE shall learn life's deepest lessons, an apprenticeship for ultimate manliness, a training that shall provide HIM a perfect body,

a spiritual opportunity that shall enable HIS soul to come to its due stature.

Keep HIM from war's debasements from excess that loosens life; from cruelty and brutality that harden life; from lust and drunkenness that rot life; from dis- honor, cowardice, and all things that make life coarse and common.

If HE shall have good fortune, favor and advancement, give HIM modesty and the greatness of spirit that shall leave HIM unspoiled.

If it be deemed by destiny that HE shall be wounded, or taken prisoner, or be in any wise unfortunate, may HE show that noble spirit which redeems disaster.

And if HE fall, if HIS life be among those lives that are to pay the penalty of the world's misgovernment, may HE die a a hero, leaving to me the memory of HIS

great sacrifice as an undying inspiration.

O God, let HIM ever feel that my loving thoughts hover about him night and day, as guardian angels.

Make HIM a help and not a hindrance to HIS comrades.

Make HIM the pride and not the shame of HIS country.

And keep HIM the hope of my heart, the nest of my dreams, the chosen one of my love, my treasure of treasures, that I give to my God and my country.

Let me be in every way worthy of HIM.

And bring us, in Thy divine mercy, some sweet day to a blessed reunion, where all these severed, bleeding heart-strings shall be healed and knitted up.

Thou, who art all compassion, hear this cry of a woman's soul for one she loves more than her own life.

BOB WHITE

WHILE you are shedding sympathy for the Belgians and the unemployed Americans and this and that, I would like to ask a few crumbs of compassion from your bounteous table for Bob White.

"The Farm Journal" of Philadelphia is prosecuting a vigorous campaign in defense of our bird friends, and in this let us all join.

Most states have game laws protecting the birds from wholesale slaughter for sport and for the market; but some have none.

The killers are making strong efforts to have the recently passed migratory-bird law declared unconstitutional. What a blessed old bludgeon the Constitution becomes sometimes!

Even though protected by law, the quail are liable to perish in the North during a hard winter unless provided with food and shelter.

Farmers ought to realize that they have few friends in nature so useful as Bob White.

He is a faithful little soldier, guarding the crops from their worst enemies. He devours the army worm, he attacks the cotton boll-weevil, he goes after the chinch-bug, which devastates the corn, and even eats the potato-bug and similar insect pests which other birds will not touch.

He feeds upon the weed seeds. According to the secretary of the Liberty Bell Bird Club, one Bob White was found with 400 pigweed seeds concealed about his person. Another, 500 seeds of ragweed. A third, in addition to other food, had consumed 550

seeds of sheep-sorrel, while a fourth had 600 seeds of pigeon-grass, and several had from 50 to 100 seeds of jewel-weed.

Every quail on the farm is estimated to be worth twenty-five dollars to the farmer.

Help the birds. Help them keep alive during the Winter. Do not let the wanton desire for sport induce you to kill the song-birds and the insectivorous birds. They have a very large share in securing for us a bounteous harvest next Summer.

Even if you live in town you can do your share. In Dover, Massachusetts, they have appointed a bird warden, an example that should be generally followed.

1. Each school should build two or three bird-houses in the vicinity of the school-house.

2. Each child should bring daily a small amount of grain to the teacher to be used for

feeding the birds during the Winter. Feeding should begin early, before cold weather drives the birds away.

3. A clear space near the schoolhouse should be selected for the feeding-ground, and birds should be fed there daily. (Bread-crumbs and grain.)

4. In the Winter a piece of suet should be nailed to a branch of a near-by tree. Birds love suet in cold weather.

5. A pan or other vessel of water should be kept near the feeding-ground.

Many of our song and what we call summer birds go South in the Winter, not because our climate is too cold, but because the birds can find no food in the North.

THE ONE YOU CAN TALK TO

IS there one you can talk to?

If so, you are fortunate. For one of the most important discoveries a man or woman makes, on the little trip from the cradle to the grave, is the intelligent, likable, appreciative, stimulative companion in talk.

It is well to study and think, it is well to vision and plan, it is well to be energetic in the market, and anon to retreat into silence and take counsel with your own heart, but best of all it is to find a friend with whom you can talk things over.

President Eliot spoke of the five-foot shelf of books into which the quintessence of literature might be compressed. But five

friends are better, who represent the gist of humanity, and mean more cultural value, and more fun.

What joy comparable to pouring out the dregs of your heart, shaking the fluff and debris from the hidden corners of your mind, and turning your soul inside out like a trousers pocket in the presence of one who understands!

It is the joy of the confessional—plus.

It is companionship—plus.

It is love—plus.

It is self-knowledge—plus.

You can love a woman, and yet not be able to talk to her; you can admire a genius, appreciate a friend, esteem a relative, revere a saint, and yet have no freedom of talk with them.

I have seen a man and a woman living in marriage contentedly enough for twenty

years, and yet entirely unable to talk freely together.

Well for you if you have one or two with whom you can experience the gift of communion.

To talk satisfyingly you must find that one who can measure with his comprehension and sympathy all your moods, vagaries, doubts, convictions, antipathies, enthusiasms, heats and frigidities, sins and sanctities.

He may not flatter you, approve of all you say, nor agree with your entire list of opinions, but he is interested in them.

He does not argue, nor fence and thrust with you. He takes you as he takes nature, the trees, flowers, and storms—as he finds you. He attends more to what you are than to what you ought to be.

He has no convictions to which he wants

to win you. He seeks your aid in no selfish plans of his. He does not judge you, condemn, nor praise you.

He just listens, and talks back.

When you are with him you enjoy a revel in frankness, a debauch of self-expression.

With him you discover yourself. As you talk you find out what you really think yourself. Without him you hardly know what you believe. With him as guide you explore yourself, finding strange things.

You don't remember so much what he said as what he led you on to say.

By his stimulus you forge your creed, you round off your opinion, you uncover your tastes, your mind takes form, you are born again.

For remaining ever within yourself you become lost in clouds of speculation, in the dim fogs of your own inexplicable nature,

in the uncertainties of your own decisions; you swamp yourself in the quagmires of morbidity, or wander into self-depreciation or fevered egotisms.

But talking to him you open the door, the cleansing wind blows through, doubts are scattered, the sunshine enters, and rubbish is disclosed or beautiful treasures.

The man, or woman, you can talk to is the gift of gifts, your other self, your true priest of God.

THE COMEBACK

I FIND that the way I am treated in any company depends upon the state of mind I bring into it.

If I enter a circle of men and women whom I take to be superior to me, I am likely to be snubbed. If I impute to them the feeling that I am inferior I will not fail to be inferior.

If I am self-confident I awaken confidence.

If I cringe I make others want to step on me.

If I am cheerful, cheerfulness is handed me by others.

If I am grouchy and snappy, they will bite me.

People go at me about the way I go at them.

There is a law in physics to the effect that action is equal to reaction. The ball rebounds from the wall with precisely the force with which it was thrown against the wall.

And if I approach a man with politeness I usually receive politeness.

I get from this world a smile for a smile, a kick for a kick, love for love, and hate for hate.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule. But if there were no rule there would be no exceptions.

And the difference between the man who knows how to play a game and wins regularly—any game, including poker and the game of life—and the man who steadily loses is that the wise man sticks to the rules

and the law of averages, and the fool "has a hunch" and stakes his all on the exceptions.

A good definition of a fool is one who thinks that this time doesn't count.

My tablets, therefore! Meet it is I set it down that I am getting what is coming to me.

This is a world of law. Chance is to be found only in the dictionary. In the bright lexicon of fact there's no such word.

If I am petulant, unrestful, irritable, unsatisfied, wretched, and bored—I know the crop, and might have expected the harvest when I sowed that seed of self-indulgence, lack of will, moral cowardice, and general selfishness.

If I am lonely, it was I who drove hearts away.

If I am bitter, it was I who skimped the sugar-bowl.

If I am persecuted, it was I who brought it on by my cantankerousness.

The loving are beloved.

The generous are helped.

The considerate are considered.

The bully by and by is bullied, the smasher smashed.

And the end of the hog is the slaughter-house.

There are no victims of fate. The hero always rises above tragedy. The noble soul is never more serene than when all creation thinks it has downed him.

ENUPEAK

ARTHUR SHIELDS, a former New York newspaper man, now in Nome, Alaska, edits a magazine called "The Eskimo," which is said to be the only publication in the interests of the Eskimo race. In a recent number Charles Menadalook, a native teacher, writes that the Eskimos call themselves "Enupeak."

"We learn that name from our forefathers," he says. "It means a 'real human being.' "

Most people, of whatever tribe, are apt to consider themselves as "real human beings," and all foreigners as a bit queer.

The ancient Jews called themselves the "chosen people."

The Greek thanked the gods he was a Greek and not a Barbarian, a free man and not a slave, a man and not a woman.

Every race has the notion that his particular brand of folks is the Lord's prime handiwork.

The Romans were chesty. But they were modest violets by a mossy stone compared to the modern German—as, for instance, Ernst Haeckel, the celebrated zoologist, who declared:

"One single highly cultured German warrior represents a higher intellectual and moral life-value than hundreds of the raw children of nature (Naturmenschen) whom England and France, Russia and Italy oppose to them."

We all have some of this feeling, that our folks are Enupeak. We all have it, but few of us realize how contemptible it is.

It is at the bottom of this war. It so obsessed the minds of the Germans that they could not believe other nationalities, who did not eat sauerkraut, button their words up behind, and have an All-Highest to rule them, could possibly be Enupeak. It's taking a deal of time, blood, and money to show them they are mistaken.

The same poison feeling is at the bottom of race hate. It makes white men despise black. It causes us to look down on Japanese and Chinese.

It gets up the nose of the society lady and causes her to stare haughtily at the cook and the ice-man, also to regard stenographers and factory girls as inhabitants of another world. Only a great danger can blast her conceit open enough to receive the idea that

"The colonel's lady and Julia O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin"

Democracy is not a form of government, a scheme of voting, or a crazy notion that the ignorant and incompetent should take all the property away from the efficient. Democracy is a feeling, a fundamental conviction, a point of view that determines one's whole life and thought.

And that point of view is not that only my folks, my party, my class, and my country are Enupeak, but that every human being is Enupeak.

The original democrat was Jesus, who taught that the destiny of every soul is determined by his attitude toward "one of the least of these, my brethren."

THE OVERLOOKER

IN an interview the other day Robert W. Chambers is reported as saying:

"The really wise woman conceals her wisdom from her men friends. She does not criticize; instead she overlooks."

Which remark is a sound, juicy cutlet of truth.

It's not what you see in me that makes you love me; it's what you refuse to see in me.

When I was a little boy I had a schoolteacher whom I adored with all the intensity a male person of seven can exercise toward a female person of twenty-five. I love that woman still, though she is dead and gone, or married and done for, years ago, as far as I know. And the principal reason for my

infatuation of Miss Lamb (that was her name; I wonder what has become of her?) was that she was the first expert star overlooker that came into my life.

I know now that at the time of this early passion I was a tow-headed urchin, usually with a dirty face and a nose that needed plumbing, an enemy to all orderly government, in the road of and disliked by most people, and fuller of the Old Ned than an egg is full of meat.

And along came this teacher in the Third Ward school; she couldn't see any of my conspicuous disagreeable qualities, declared I was a wonderful child and some day would be President of the United States or foreman of the grand jury on the Day of Judgment, or something, and asked me to her house, and fed me candy and apples. Love her? Never since have I felt such utter, consum-

ing devotion. I would have died for her. I even kept my face clean and my hair combed for her—when I thought of it.

Oh, there's meanness and undesirableness enough in any one of us, if you look at it, to make us loathly! And in the worst of us there are spots of beauty which the skilled overlooker can find, and no soul rises until it sees its own beauty, and it never sees that unless it be first through the eyes of a friend.

Look after your children, mother, but sugar it with a deal of overlooking.

Look after your husband, woman; and look after your wife, man; and look after your men, captain; and look after your prisoners, warden; and look after your workmen, boss; and look after your pupils, teacher; but don't fail to do a good deal of overlooking.

Even of the great Eye that seeth us all and

to whom our very inmost thoughts are as a printed page, perhaps when it is said that He will remember our sins against us no more forever it means that that all-seeing Eye is, in mercy and love and infinite pity, an Almighty Overlooker.

POWER AND HUMILITY

ONE trait that I find in every great man I have met is something that might be called egotism, and yet it is not egotism. It is a certain unshakable belief in self, a feeling that one's self is in some way linked with the processes of fate, a sense of the inevitableness of one's life.

Curious to say, this consciousness of the importance of self is not at all inconsistent with the most genuine humility. In fact the very greatest character I can imagine would be one who would make no account of his weaknesses, sins, and failures, of the malice of his enemies nor of the admiration of his friends; but who set most store on his own

impulses, words, and deeds, as being to him the most vital and meaningful facts of the universe.

Hence his humility would spring from the consciousness of his own power and the worth of his own acts and sayings, and not, as with us, from a sense of his worthlessness and impotence.

Away beyond the powerful man who grasps wealth, fame, political place, and applause, is the kind of man who is so conscious of his power that he does not care for these things.

Only in the soul possessing the highest degree of power is there genuine humility.

THE IDEAL AND THE JOB

A YOUNG man writes me wanting to know how to decide between sticking to his ideals and earning a living.

He is an artist. As such, shall he paint only as the divine afflatus moves him, for which the money he gets is uncertain and small; or shall he lower himself to drawing illustrations for cigarette and soap advertisements, where profits are large?

When he takes his work to the publisher, the latter says, "I don't know much about art, but I know what the public wants, and you must change this, that, and the other thing." Shall he submit to this dictation, or stand for his own genius?

My answer is: Cherish your own vision

by all means, for creative work without the heat of one's own peculiar inspiration is poor stuff. But—

But there are several points to be noted.

In the first place, you want to be rather sure what your ideals are. And to find that out it is necessary to wrestle with the work-aday world. Not only is labor the test of inspiration, it is also the channel of inspiration.

Our private convictions are not much good until they are kneaded into the events that come to us from destiny. Our environment is an integral factor of our personality. We do not know what we are, without passing through experience, which means that we are the resulting compound of the force that is in us and the forces that act upon us.

Another thing, the first duty of a man is not to "follow his ideals." It is rather to

do some kind of work the world is willing to pay for. It is to earn a living, to take himself off the backs of other people, to present to mankind a marketable equivalent for the bread, shelter, and warmth given him.

The Apostle Paul sewed tents for a living and only wrote his epistles after he had sold enough of his labor to get something to eat. And it is not degrading to any man to do with his might what his hand finds to do, to provide for his wife and babies.

I like the story, printed in a Chicago paper, of a young man of nineteen who has already accumulated almost two thousand dollars by writing stories for magazines, yet who goes right on clerking in a hardware-store, confining his literary activities to his spare time. We would be saved a deal of callow tragedy if all young men and women of genius would hang on to their job while set-

ting forth to make a living by art and letters.

Besides this it must be remembered that the same Deity that gives you your driving genius has made also the world you live in. And it is not unreasonable to suppose that that world is as much inspired in its way as you in yours.

John Wesley used to say to his young preachers something to the effect that when God calls a man to preach He calls somebody to hear him.

Let us not despise our time, nor the people of it, nor the demands of it. If we learn to understand and interpret our surroundings, to feel the zeitgeist, to read the message of events, and to know and love the people whom fate sends us; and if we respond to the wants of the world with all the talent we have, and seek to SERVE humanity instead of to criticize, uplift, boss,

and scold it, we shall find ourselves much more quickly, and be not only true to our own ideals, but be a whole heap more agreeable to the folks that have to do with us.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A NEW WRITER

ARE we a nation of snobs? Are we given up wholly to the fevered itch for getting on? Do we all chase money and fame with breathless eagerness and howl with self-pity when we fail?

These questions one may well ask on reading the contents of the average American magazine and novel.

Modern literature may be divided into two classes: first, the description of the doings and undoings of the rich; second, the description of the wretchedness of the poor.

Most light and cheerful stories are of young gentlemen who loaf in clubs, own

yachts, and spend millions, and of limousine ladies who can't do up their own hair.

Another class of writers who make show of writing "truth" depict the horrible condition of the poor, of the wretched victims of social injustice who have to work for a living.

The whole point of view, of both classes, is sickening.

As a matter of fact, the great, broad river of happiness flows through the homes of the plain, ordinary United States folks, that work for wages, ride on street cars, live decently with wife and children, mind their own business, and are not eternally soured because they are not wealthy.

These people the snobs despise, the classes curse, and the agitators regard as imbecile. Yet they are the real backbone of the nation. The greatest novelist that ever lived was

Charles Dickens. And he was great because he sensed the wonder and beauty of the common life. His poor people were not sitting around with scowling faces planning a revolution. They were eating roast beef and pudding. In their homes were cheer and glee, love and loyalty. He was the one genius who knew what humanity means.

Unhappiness, perversion, and evil are to be found in all walks of life; but as a rule they abound more in the lives of the idle and endowed than in the lives of those who toil for their daily bread.

If any young writer is looking about for a field of endeavor that will bring him undying fame, let him set before him as his life task the business of interpreting the joy, the goodness, and the nobleness of the common lives about him.

It is time for a new Dickens. We have

had enough of the "elegant and refined" stuff that is devoured by the servant-girl element, enough of the girls of "our class" and the "college-bred" men and millionaires' children. Also enough of the glooms of Ernest Poole and Upton Sinclair.

Give us something wholesome, genuine, lovable, manly. There are thousands of United States families where father is faithful and mother is strong and true, where the boys and girls are brave and cheerful, where there are merry dinners and hearty frolics, old-fashioned love-making, babies crowing, and the love of mankind and the fear of God all through the atmosphere. Let's have some of it.

And take your bally social rotters with their artificial snobbisms, and your working-men-horrors with their imported grouches—take them to the dump-heap.

Give us a little plain humanity. Nothing has such a "punch." Nothing would be more eagerly read.

And, tell me, why is a cheap and heated young author who wades you through pages of misery and squalor, which is the easiest thing in the world to do, why is he called "strong"? I cannot understand it, unless it be for the same reason we call butter "strong."

MIND-HEALING

DR. CHARLES GILBERT DAVIS is a Chicago surgeon. I have known him a good many years.

He has been doing some thinking. A thinking doctor is a hopeful phenomenon. He has not allowed his mind to be drowned in professionalism.

Out of his thinking he has written a little book which he labels with the ambitious title, "The Philosophy of Life."

The gist of the volume is the influence of thought upon the body, the power of thought to prevent and to cure diseased conditions. The idea is not new. It is the basis of various religious or quasi-religious cults.

But the particular value of Dr. Davis's brochure is that this idea is handled by a skilled physician. We can but feel that remarks on mind-healing have a bit more force when they come from a man trained in the exact methods of science.

I take pleasure in recommending this message, because the more books of this kind one reads the saner and happier he is likely to become.

No reasonable man doubts the direct connection between what takes place in thought and what takes place in the body. For instance, a certain thought arises in a girl's mind; immediately the blood rushes to her face; she blushes. Another kind of thought and she turns pale; the blood leaves her face. Another sort of idea is put into her brain and the action of the stomach is affected; she loses appetite or she is nauseated. And so on.

Sometimes a piece of news so operates upon a person's body that he dies.

It can hardly be erroneous that, reasoning from such bases, we conclude that every thought alters to a greater or less degree the functions of the body.

The same nervous organization that controls the circulatory, respiratory, and alimentary apparatus of the body also includes the apparatus by which we think and love.

"Thought," says Dr. Davis, "can produce hunger or destroy appetite; it can cause a chill or a fever; it can make the body perspire; it can dry up the saliva; it can make the teeth chatter and the eyes swim with tears; it can bring sleep or insomnia; it can slow down the heart till death ensues."

From this he goes so far as to say: "I believe that it is only necessary to enter upon a course of training and in a brief space of

time the result will be seen in improved health. No living human being need be a chronic invalid repining at fate. Every hopeful idea created in the mind stimulates the heart, improves digestion, and promotes normal action of every gland."

This is good news, coming from the medical profession. It indicates that men of science are considering more and more the significance and usefulness of mental therapeutics.

Instead of pooh-poohing Christian Science and New Thought, medical men ought to bring the undeniable phenomena upon which these systems rest under their dispassionate observation. A man of science never pooh-poohs any kind of a fact.

THE ETERNAL HUMANITIES

THE eternal humanities will have their way.

Yes, just the good and kind and gentle things will outlast all the bad and cruel and fierce things.

This is the everlasting paradox. But it is so.

How the world disbelieves it, believes quite the contrary, and goes on in smug wisdom, trusting in the temporary and false and doubting the evergreen forces! Oh, yes, we must lie and strike and cheat once in a while; we have to; self-defense, you know, is the first law. As though there were any defense comparable to the eternal verities!

I see a smile on the lips of Jesus as He says that the meek shall inherit the earth, and tells us to return good for evil and not to resist evil. He must have known we would not believe this. He must have foreseen the pride and power of imperial Spain, of Bourbon France, of ambitious Prussia, even as He saw about Him the irresistible might of Rome—and still He smiled and said, "The meek shall inherit the earth!"

Strangely enough He was right. How did He know the gentle things were so tough and enduring?

He was right. Every Weltmacht ends in Niedergang. Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Rome, magnificent in dominion, have roared like Niagaras down into the chasm of decay.

The arm of the Church that operated the rack and thumbscrew to suppress heresy is paralyzed. Cruelty must go, in time.

All tyrants' thrones rot and totter by and by. Only those soft and maidenly qualities of justice, mercy, and truth endure.

What splendid lies and imposing hocus-pocus have lorded it over us a century or so and gone!

No matter how bitter and black your hate, it will dissolve. Only love lasts.

No matter how intrenched and buttressed your cruelty, it palsies and weakens after a while. Only kindness is permanent.

John Galsworthy writes, in his "First Thoughts on the War":

"The idealist said in his heart: 'The God of Force is dead, or dying.' He has been proven the fool that the man of affairs and the militarist always said he was. But the fools of this world—generally after they are gone—have a way of moving men which the wise and practical believers in force have

not. . . . The battle between the God of Love and the God of Force endures forever. Fools of the former camp, drowned out and beaten to their knees, in due time will get up again and plant their poor little flag a little further on. 'All men shall be brothers,' said the German fool Schiller; so shall the fools say again when the time comes; and again, and again, after every beating!"

When Jesus said, "The meek shall inherit the earth," all the wise asses of time hee-hawed over it. But the centuries sing:

"For the ages fret not over a day,
And the greater tomorrow is on its way."

PEACE WITHIN

YOU are tired of the turmoil? You want to escape the din and strife? You long for peace?

Then learn that the only peace that is full of rest, that means poise and calm energy, is inward peace.

The real peace may be found in the market-place, the hustings, the battlefield. There men strive and cry. There are smoke and dust, the hurrying messenger, the panting wrestler. But in the heart of the man who has found himself is the spot of calm.

On the contrary, one may be in a remote wilderness, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," alone with the twilight and the vast silences of nature, and yet be torn

by the winds of passion or shaken by the thunders of fear.

A wise man will not seek peace without, but peace within. He will still the turbulence of desire, hold in leash the dogs of impatience, drive off the harpies of egotism, screen his soul from the mosquitoes of irritation, scotch the snakes of revenge, destroy the scorpions of self-pity, and with copious draughts of courage and pure faith ward off the fevers of fear, the chills of cowardice, the manias of superstition.

Peace! Peace within! The mother has it, serene among her fretful children. The merchant has it; amidst the clatter of affairs, the lust of gain, and the hurt of loss, his heart is an unruffled pool; so is he always ready, at his best, unrouted, though about him are the stampede and panic.

The boy has it; the fires flame, the pack is

in full cry, the horn is sounding, but he stands, smiling and firm as a mountain peak in the morning, for his heart is fixed, and the swirl of folly cannot move his feet.

The little school-teacher has it, and at the end of the day, when the others come fagged and frayed from the clamor of obstreperous young life, she appears in the sweetness of victory, unshattered, with her untouched soul clean and strong.

The soldier has it; shells burst about him, death hisses in the speeding bullet, corpses fester, war's discomfort pulls at him, and war's fury pounds him, but his eye is clear, his lips are smiling and unafraid, his hand is steady, his brain precise, for his heart is hid with a great thought, wrapped in the folds of a beautiful ideal.

Peace! Peace within! Give me that, and let accusing tongues wag and envious hands

tear, let the storms blow and the floods mount, and I shall be happy as a child in its mother's arms.

What deep wisdom and riches in the last words of the departing Teacher when He said: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."